

Hang Not Brought Back to Life.

Dr. Lambert, the man who restores drowned people to life by the application of heat, while leaving his office yesterday afternoon, stepped into the reporters' room. Day as were their reports, their scent for news was keen.

"And if a man has been hanged, doctor, can he, too, be restored by heat?" asked the most inquisitive among them, upon whom the new method of resuscitating the drowned had made a deep impression.

The doctor, who had never looked better in his life, answered mildly: "Why not?"

"But what if his neck is broken?" asked a muscular reporter.

"Hanging doesn't break a man's neck."

"Did you ever see a man hanged?" demanded the youth with an intonation of a person who had devoted a country or so to night-seeing of that sort.

"Several times," answered the man slowly.

"What does a hanged man hang his head over on one side for, then?"

"Not because his neck is dislocated. The figure of the neck is stronger than any rope. Hanging never yet broken a neck. It's the shock that kills the man—the shock and then the suffocation. You know how it shocks your brain to make a jump when going down stairs. Well, there are fifty thousand springs that your head rests on from the neck to the feet. But when you jerk a man up by the neck the shock comes without any intervention of springs."

"I've heard doctors say that a man's neck was broken by hanging," persisted the muscular man.

"So have I—young doctors. But surgical science does not report such a case."

"O, well, now you're in science, I'll give in," and the modest muscular reporter withdrew a step and filled his pipe. His forte is facts straight.

"Did you ever see a hanged man come to life, doctor?" asked a doubting Thomas.

"Yes, I have."

All ears bent perceptibly toward the speaker, and there was silence as in death.

"A young fellow," began the doctor, "was condemned to be executed. During his incarceration he promised his body to the prison physician in return for the tobacco that he used. When he was dead the physician determined to try an electric machine on him, but never having handled one, called me to help him. I went. We applied electricity to various parts of the body, and wherever it was applied the body moved. At length we sent a current along the spine from end to end. The fellow was lying on a long table—as long as—well, (looking around the room) rather longer than any you've got here. His arms were open, his eyes slowly shut, then they opened them wide. The physician who owned the body, and two young men who were helping him, started outright, for the doctor."

"Did the man come round all right?" inquired the Thomas reporter, earnestly.

"He didn't lie down again. In half an hour he spoke—asked where he was and what was being done with him. In a couple of hours he was on his way out of the villa as fast as his legs could carry him."

"Did they catch him again?"

"No. The inhabitants to this day think that he was diseased."

"Ought he to have been hanged if he had been caught?"

"Well, there's a difference of opinion about that. Certainly the physician owned him—had bought and paid for him."

"Would it have been wrong, doctor, for the physician to kill him, when he saw him coming to life and robbing him of his property?"

The reporter who asked the question is one of the most blood-thirsty persons in this city. The doctor wisely replied by saying that the answer belonged to the department of morals, in which he was not a professor.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

HIDDEN THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while the finger covered the scar. The best men are not without their failings, their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others adopt the painter's expedience, and let the finger of love be placed on the scar.

They do things in a hurry in Texas. A man who had lost a valuable mare recently, received the following dispatch: "Mare here; come get her; thief hung."

The River Ablaze.

A considerable portion of the East River was literally on fire for several hours yesterday. The startling phenomenon was witnessed by thousands of people in this city and Brooklyn. The scene from the Long Island shore was truly a gorgeous spectacle. From a point in the channel between Ravenswood and Blackwell's Island, extending southerly for about a mile, the surface of the water was a livid sheet of flame. It was a scene that held thousands of people spellbound.

It appeared as if subterranean fires had burst through the mass of water and enquired the opposing element. The glowing flames jumped and roared along the liquid surface; some times the center of the flames would be extinguished leaving a darkened space surrounded by an acre of fire. Then like a flash of lightning, the entire area would be lighted up, leaving an ashen sheet of flame resting on the surface of the water.

The Harlem and Morrisania boats and other river craft witnessed from a safe distance this singular display. The passengers crowded on deck to get a better view of the distant flames. The officials on the Ravenswood shore were not, however, particularly intimidated. They knew that so long as the docks and shipping were not endangered, the volume of water would finally bar the progress of the flames. Still, strenuous efforts were made for their immediate extinction, and to this end three engines were brought into requisition. The fire, however, seemed to be fed by an inexhaustible source. Occasionally it would die away, the smoke blew off, and it was thought that the threatened danger was averted. But this hope was illusive, and again the broad expanse of water was metamorphosed into a sheet of flame. As these conditions continued for over three hours, with little sign of abatement, several propellers were launched to fight the fire by distributing the water on the outskirts of the conflagration, and gradually narrowing the circle until in this way the flames were extinguished. This action was not taken a moment too soon. The old Harlem Railroad dock at Ravenswood and the piers and quays on the river front were considerably damaged. The trees in the vicinity were also scorched.

All this commotion was due to the bursting of a pipe which conveyed crude oil from Hunter's Point refinery beneath the water to the Hudson River Railroad, at the foot of West Thirtieth Street. The escaping oil found its way in large quantities to the surface of the river. The leakage began at about 11 A. M., when one of the keepers on the Island noticed a sudden displacement of the middle of the channel. This was followed by a volume of spray being projected to a considerable height. The escaping oil was carried a considerable distance with the tide. Subsequently boys were seen on the Ravenswood shore at the place where the fire originated. It is supposed that seeing the black seam of oil covering the face of the water, they ignited it with a match. Others maintain that the oil was set ablaze by sparks from a passing canal boat.—[N. Y. Herald.

He was Waiting.

A citizen on his way home late the other night, espied a boy sitting on the gate in front of a house on Union street.

"What are you doing there, boy?" he inquired, in surprise.

"Sh! keep still," said the boy in a hoarse whisper. "I live here."

"Well, why don't you go into the house?" said the citizen.

"Waitin' for the fun," replied the boy. "Another ju' sent me down town after father, an' he has jus' gone in. He told me to wait outside till after he had told he'd been to lodge, an' then I could come in an' say I couldn't find him an' not mention his bein' in a billiard hall, but I know mother, an' if you wait a minute you'll hear somethin' kinder lang against the side of the room like."

And just at that instant a muffled sound issued from the room where a light was visible.

"That's him—that's father," exclaimed the boy, in great glee. "Bime by you'll hear a lamp smash, an' then I'll go in to look an' look out for fire."

The citizen passed on and left the boy sitting on the gate, with the liveliest interest depicted on his countenance.

SHE PROVED IT.—"Oh, I broof it to you, shemlemans, I broof it to you. I don't ask you to take my vote for unting. Don't cost count me two dollar more as I ask you for him," was what a truthful South street lady of Jewish second-hand persuasion was saying to a customer last Friday.

Then she went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Moshel! Moshel! Didn't you put out that velvet collar coat six tollars?"

"Yes, mudder, so shure I'm here."

"Now, vat I tele you? I broof it, hey! Now ven you want to go next door, go hel. I hef broofed it, my how."

He was about to kiss her when he suddenly drew back in evident alarm.

"Oh, George, what is it?" said she anxiously. "Onions!" was all the reply he made as he glided on in the moonlight.

She Got Him.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all, gifted with an adorable candor, presented herself before a certain Prussian lawyer. "Monsieur, I came to consult you upon a grave affair, I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself, how shall I proceed?"

The gentlemen of the bar, had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly: "Madelmoiselle, according to our law you already possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; and then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover."

"And that will suffice, monsieur?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, with one further condition, which is, that you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterward the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Oh, all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath."

"Capital, capital! Persevere in your designs, mademoiselle, but mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail."

A fortnight afterward, the young person more alive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within, than she flung herself hastily in a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, putting his arm around her to keep her from falling, and offering her every assistance.

So she said, "I am much better."

"Well, now, do tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse."

"Exceedingly so."

"Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you. I have been three times tete-a-tete with you, and my four witnesses are here below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all, is that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

BEING MISERABLE.—An excellent receipt for being completely miserable is think only of yourself, how much you have lost, how much you have not made, and the poor prospect for the future. A brave man with a soul in him gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragement, rolls up his sleeves, sings and whistles, and makes the best of life. This earth never was intended for paradise, and the man who rises above his discouragement and keeps his manhood, will only be the stronger and better for his adversities. Many a noble ship has been saved by throwing overboard the most valuable cargo, and many a man is better and more humane after he has lost his gold.

A poultry speculator in Warren county, Pennsylvania, buys chickens in the country, and writes out a receipt for a farmer to sign. The point of his pencil invariably breaks off just before the signature is reached, and he produces fountain-pen from his pocket. The body of the receipt is written in pencil and farmer's name in ink. When the speculator goes to town he erases all the pencil marks, and writes out in ink a promissory note for \$100 or \$150 and has it countersigned by a bank.

Did you ever notice the poor chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac with the fish and bulls, sheep, scorpions, and twigs, etc., around him? Did you ever notice that he was asked and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country paper and take his pay out in, "I'll pay my subscription next week."

The chances are that Dr. Blackburn will be the next Governor of Kentucky. It would be useless for the Apostle Paul or even Him whom he served, to run for Governor of Kentucky against the regular Democratic nominee.—[Cin. Commercial.

At the paper and card factory, Holyoke, Mass., designs are being made for a new two-cent international card, and a double sized two-cent card for domestic use. The former will be issued about July 1, and the latter next Fall.

It takes 62,000 locomotives to supply all the railroads.

An Engineer's Need of Sense.

Unquestionably the bravest men in America, are those who can stand up on the foot-boards of the locomotive which draw the fast express trains. But few persons are aware of it, but on the leading railways, where connections must be made if possible, only engineers know to be brave and daring are given engines on express trains, and as soon as an engineer shows the least timidity about running fast he is taken from his engine and given one on a freight train to run. Two such cases have occurred recently on Indianapolis roads. Railroad officials state that the first sign that an engineer is becoming timid is that he will be five to ten minutes late, possibly a half hour, for some days or nights in succession. He is then called to an account, and unless his reasons are convincing, another engineer is given his engine to run for a few times, and should be bringing the train promptly on time, the first-named engineer gets a freight train engine to run until he braces up. It is stated, however, that after an engineer allows his timidity to get a fair hold he seldom so far overcomes it as to have the bravery to step on to an express train engine and run it at the speed necessary to make the time. Quite recently an engineer of one of the roads running West from here got an impression that some accident was to happen to him, and one night, when running a fast express, he constantly lost time. At the first station where the train stopped the conductor berated him for running so slow. The engineer actually shed tears, and owned that he had been overcome by him, and that he dare not run fast, and at his own request an engineer of a freight train which stood at this meeting point was given the train to run that night, the conductor telegraphing the train-master, asking that the request be granted. The timid engineer has since run a freight on the road.—[Indianapolis Journal.

KILLED BY A DRINK OF WHISKY.

George Coburn, an Irishman, aged about 35 years, boasted last Monday night, that he could swallow a schooner of whisky at a single drink. His brother-in-law, John Lockert, questioned that Coburn could do as he claimed, and agreed to pay for the liquor. The barkeeper filled the glass, and finding that it contained nearly a pint and a half, advised Coburn not to drink the whole quantity, as it would kill him. Coburn replied that it was only a drink for a child, and swallowed the fiery liquid at one draught. He died the same night.—[St. Louis Republican.

Tennison got \$1,500 for his last ballad.

A striking proof of American extravagance is afforded by the fact that there isn't a one-horse country newspaper in the United States that doesn't between November and April of every year—or, to speak more correctly, of every two years—use up \$225,000 worth of poetry in kindling fires in its \$3.75 stove. No wonder the balance of trade is against us!—[Chicago Tribune.

A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had

seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a "leader," denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author as devoid of truth, and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot, and the victim of the sell was thoroughly laughed at.

A gentleman facetiously remarked

a few days since to one of the candidates for the Legislature: "When I succeed in becoming so mean and low-down that I am unfit for any thing else, I will run for the Legislature." The candidate quietly retorted, "I shall look for your announcement as a candidate in the next issue of the paper."—[Harrisburg Observer.

All values are diminutive Cæsars,

since they come they see, they conquer, sometimes by their gentle stillness, but oftener by continued uproarious crying induced by Colic, Teething, Flatulences, etc. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup by its gentle yet specific influence quiets the little one without ever producing the least injurious effect. Price 25 cts. a bottle.

A country girl rode into Holyoke

Saturday morning, to do some shopping. When the clerk asked if there was any thing more he could do for her, he was amazed by the reply, "O, no, sir; unless you will be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode her from home without the colt."—[Springfield Union.

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all the railroads.

MARKETS.

STANFORD.
The retail prices for commodities at the following places:
Bacon, hams, etc., the land, etc., etc.
Wheat, etc., etc.
Flour, etc., etc.
Sugar, etc., etc.
Coffee, etc., etc.
Tea, etc., etc.
Spices, etc., etc.
Fruit, etc., etc.
Vegetables, etc., etc.
Lard, etc., etc.
Butter, etc., etc.
Eggs, etc., etc.
Honey, etc., etc.
Milk, etc., etc.
Cheese, etc., etc.
Canned goods, etc., etc.
Dry goods, etc., etc.
Clothing, etc., etc.
Shoes, etc., etc.
Furniture, etc., etc.
Household goods, etc., etc.
Miscellaneous, etc., etc.

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